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THE JUBILEE SABBATH OF PIEDMONT CHURCH.

TWO DISCOURSES,

DELIVERED

JUNE 5th, 1881,

BY

REV. D. O. MEARS,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

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WORCESTER, MASS., June 18th, 1881.

REV. D. O. MEARS,

Pastor Piedmont Church and Society.

MY DEAR SIR:—

During a period of more than half a century, my steps have led me into many different houses and places dedicated to the worship of God, and yet as memory now recalls them to mind, no one brings to me more pleasing recollections than Piedmont Church. Its outward appearance is plain but still attractive to the eye, while in its interior construction and decorations, refined simplicity appears to be blended and combined with a mild harmony of colors, which, taken in connection with the cheerful, interested and sympathetic expressions of those accustomed to assemble there from Sabbath to Sabbath, for public worship, impresses the observing mind with the conviction that it is indeed an earthly temple lighted up and blessed by a spirit from on high.

Entertaining these views, and feeling that both pastor and people have had a trying and eventful history and experience, the results of which should ever be remembered as a signal recognition of Divine favor, I respectfully request that you will furnish me with manuscript copies of your sermons preached at Piedmont Church, on Sunday, June 5th, 1881, for publication.

Very respectfully yours,

THOS. H. DODGE.

PREFATORY.

In response to the letter of the Hon. THOS. H. DODGE, and as a result of his generous gift, the two discourses delivered on the "Jubilee Sabbath of Piedmont Church" are hereby presented to the people of the Parish.

No one more than myself can realize how inadequately so great a subject as music, in even a part of its functions, can be presented in so brief a compass. If, however, from the reading of these pages, any one shall make them a gateway to the broad field of sacred musical history and thought in which he shall pass, this work will not have been in vain. There is something fascinating in a theme that has voiced itself in every martyr's song; a theme whose literature, marking every great change in religious thought, monuments, more lastingly than marble can do, the times of despair and of triumph through which the Church of Christ has passed.

I have taken the path in so great and interesting a field which seemed to me more especially helpful to the beloved Church which it is my privilege to serve. The day of our celebration came, seemingly, by no human appointment. The circumstances which gave it prominence were few but forcible.

The successful efforts in the early months of this year, which resulted in cancelling eighteen thousand dollars of our church debt,—after only a three years' respite from a heavier previous subscription,—were crowned by the following letter:

"WORCESTER, Feb. 12TH, 1881.

REV. D. O. MEARS, Pastor Piedmont Society:

DEAR PASTOR AND FRIEND—In view of the generosity shown by the members of our Congregation in their response to the recent call, to reduce our indebtedness, which has resulted in placing us as a Society on a self-

iv.

supporting basis ; we are encouraged to present to the Society, as soon as it can be secured and placed in position, an Organ suitable for our wants.

It is done, however, with these restrictions, viz. : It shall never be mortgaged, but always insured in a policy by itself, payable to the Society, that in case it should be burned the insurance money will provide another in its stead.

Rejoicing in the almost unequalled prosperity of Piedmont Church and Society, we remain,

Very truly, your friends,

CLINTON M. DYER.

SARAH W. DYER."

In response to this unexpected and generous offer, the Parish subsequently passed the following :

" WORCESTER, March 30th, 1881.

Whereas ; MR. and MRS. C. M. DYER have generously made an offer to the Piedmont Congregational Society to place an Organ in their Meeting-house free of cost to the Society, with the following restrictions, viz. : ' That it shall never be mortgaged, but always insured in a policy by itself payable to the Society, that in case it should be burned, the insurance money will provide another in its stead ;'

Therefore, voted ; That the Society accept the offer made by MR. and MRS. DYER, with the restrictions as above stated.

Voted ; that the Treasurer be and hereby is instructed to place a policy of insurance on the Organ, as soon as it arrives in the church, to the amount of not less than five thousand dollars payable to the Society, and to keep it insured from time to time as the policy may expire.

Voted ; That the thanks of this Society be extended to MR. and MRS. C. M. DYER for their most generous gift of an Organ, as well as for their many acts of generosity and kindness to the Society.

Attest,

CHARLES E. BROOKS, Parish Clerk."

While this instrument, so generously given, was being built the time seemed ripe, although we had not known it before, to cancel the entire remaining indebtedness by raising the sum of thirty thousand dollars. In the short space of about a fortnight the work was done. That the

subscriptions were generally intended as cash gifts became evident immediately on referring to the treasurer's books. Our hearts were thankful and jubilant, as the gifts betokened the deep loyalty of a united people.

Following the lifting of the debt the Organ came. The praises we could not express by the voice of song this noble instrument should help us offer. The gladness of that day no pen can describe—we worshiped God with cause for deeper gratitude than ever before.

Among the nearly four thousand churches of our denomination this church stands alone in its name. "Piedmont" was historic long before the rock of Plymouth was pressed by the feet of the Pilgrims. Centuries before Luther, the name was honored as that of a people whose faith and whose lives were as pure as the untrodden snows of the Alps, on which they daily looked. Bearing such a name it is incumbent upon us to exemplify its meaning by a profound Christian devotion which neither costly sacrifices nor personal sufferings shall weaken. "*Christ is all and in all.*"

D. O. MEARS.

WORCESTER, MASS., July 1st, 1881.

MORNING DISCOURSE.

1. Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary : praise him in the firmament of his power.
2. Praise him for his mighty acts : praise him according to his excellent greatness.
3. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet : praise him with the psaltery and harp.
4. Praise him with the timbrel and dance : praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
5. Praise him upon the loud cymbals : praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
6. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord. PSALMS, cl.

TWELVE centuries ago the Father of English history was kneeling in his cell in the Monastery of Wearmouth. The one great book — the foundation of English history — lay on the bench before him. Ceaseless nightly vigils had done their work and the time was short. One chapter only remained in John's Gospel for translation, and his work should be done. Upon his wasted cheeks was the hectic flame, whose brilliancy gained its brightness from the life which it consumed. The quick pen of the scribe recorded the dying man's words. "Still one sentence, dear master, remains unwritten" said the scribe. "Write quickly !" said the teacher, and in a moment the ashen lips declared, both of his work and his life, "It is finished." "Raise my head in your hands," said the Venerable Bede, "for it pleases me much to recline opposite to that holy place of mine in which I used to pray, so that while resting

there I may call upon God my Father." Fainter, slower, was his breathing as kneeling upon the pavement of stone, he half-chanted and half-whispered "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!"—and with these words on his lips he breathed no more.

Sanctified human life seems like the psalms of David, covering humiliation and exaltation, defeat and victory, only to end like the psalm of our text in a sublime anthem of praise. Call in, says this psalm, all human inventions! Praise God with the trumpet! Strike the well-tuned harp! Praise Him with timbrel and the dance! Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs! Add the clangor of the cymbals, loud and high sounding! and let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!

It is said that Robert Hall,—that Prince of the pulpit,—composed a sermon, such as only he could write, upon a text which lay in his mind, but which no concordance contained. The text was not in the bible but proved to be a sentence from the *Te Deum*, "All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting,"—so interwoven are the anthems of the ages with the sublime doctrines of Holy writ.

The incomparable John Newton with Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah," for his text, delivered fifty sermons upon the theme. Praise is as natural as prayer. To express the sublimity of Creation we are told of the chorus, when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy; and in the great day to come, men and angels shall break forth into singing while countless harpers shall keep time to the rhythm of the song, "Worthy is the Lamb." The matchless ending of the christian's life the Apostle declares shall be a song of victory. Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim*, makes all the company sing, even from the wicket gate to Beulah's shores.

The philosophy of praise accepts for its basis human grati-

tude; beyond this we cannot go. Nature furnishes the copy for the painter; but there is no music in nature. The winds of night sigh in their varied monotony; the nightingale sings its own glad song; the eagle screams from his eyrie; the lark warbles his "sightless song" over the meadows; the thunder rolls its tremulous tones along the sky; and surge after surge shrieks at the base of the granite cliff; but no one nor all of these is music. Nature gives us *sound* but not harmony. "Music is the creation of man;" and this creation is the means by which he expresses his gratitude to God. There is neither harp nor violin nor trumpet nor flute nor organ in nature;—but all these are man's invention for a noble use.

Holding in view the value of music as an expression of the religious emotions in gratitude, we observe its two chief functions,—in the church and in christian life.

Firstly: *The Function of Music in the Aggressive Movements of the Church.* Thanksgiving is the normal expression of the purest worship. The church when in bondage hangs its harp on the willows; but when free it sings.

In Napoleon's celebrated crossing of the Alps, it required the strength of a hundred men to move each gun. Fainting and weary, even the voice of their commander seemed to have lost its charm, until at the head of each regiment the band struck up the music of France; and the passage was made. Even so the aggressive movements of the church can be marked by its music and its hymns.

The song of Moses was the natural result of the nearly emancipated nation. The victories of Judah were marked by the songs of David. The songs of Solomon were "a thousand and five." At once, by declaring and inspiring progress, the onward march of the christian church has been kept up. The command of the Apostle has been carried out as he wrote

“teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord.” Tholuck has well said, “Piety, Jewish or Christian, if *genuine* and not formal, has derived more nourishment from the psalms than from any other source.” The enemies of the Reformation complained, “Luther has done us more harm by his songs than by his sermons,” and so astute a philosopher as Coleridge has given his judgment that Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. His famous Forty-sixth Psalm has been called the national hymn of Protestant Germany. The polemics of Toplady are covered with dust, while all christendom sings his hymns. The great Wesleyan movement is as much owing to the seven thousand songs of Charles as to the impassioned preaching of John, his more noted brother. Back of the great Moravian movement was Zinzendorf writing his two thousand hymns,—the battle songs of the church. The hymns of Doddridge have been compared to “spiritual amber fetched up and floated off from sermons long since lost in the depths of by-gone time.” The hymns of Isaac Watts served in breaking up the formalism of his day. We speak of Cowper as a hymnist; but Macaulay declares him “The forerunner of the great restoration of English literature.”

Thus more and more is the church learning to sing. Choral music is giving way to the songs for the people. Sankey's name in the religious world ranks side by side with that of Moody. Lowell Mason may never have preached a sermon, but many a name of theologian shall be forgotten before his. The worship of the sanctuary means prayer and praise, the one sacred as the other. Men at their daily toil, children at their play, women in their homes are singing sweeter songs than the enemies of Christ can write,—and

every song shall bear its fruit. Infidelity cannot sing; and that which cannot sing cannot succeed.

Secondly; *The Function of Music in the growth of Personal Piety*. Music of necessity is an art, and as an art it serves a holy purpose; but when we listen to music *as an art*, and when the artist labors to make this holy means for worship the exhibition of his voice, the very worship becomes heathenish.

"Poetry and music," says D'Aubigne, "came down from heaven and will be found there again." It is certainly impossible to separate the music of Luther's Judgment Hymn from the words. As if by instinct the choicest poetry finds its own melody. The function of music therefore involves its sentiment. Mendelssohn's songs without words, are masterpieces of the power of musical thought; and yet the nobler music of Oratorio demands the written words.

The words of Deborah were set to music. The instrumentalists and singers of the Temple raised skyward the words of their king. Calvin epitomized the Psalms of David as "an anatomy of the soul." Milton found them "over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable." Jerome for the education of his granddaughter said, "Let her learn the Psalms!" "The Psalter," says Herder, "is the hymn-book for all times." Says the celebrated Lamartine, "David is the Psalmist of eternity. Read Greek or Latin poetry after a Psalm and see how pale it looks."

Augustine in his "Confessions," voiced the sentiment of every christian heart, "The hymns and songs of the church moved my soul intensely; thy truth was distilled by them into my heart; the flame of piety was kindled, and my tears flowed for joy." Aletta, the mother of Bernard, murmured the words of the litany with her dying breath; and that, her death song, became the turning point in her noble son's life. "Children,"

said the dying mother of the Wesleys, "as soon as I am released sing a song of praise to God,"—and over her lifeless body these two servants of Christ sang their own song of victory. Fragments of favorite hymns were the last utterances of Sir Walter Scott. Cobden, that great English Commoner, departed when the words of Wesley's hymn had but just passed his lips,

"What though my flesh and heart decay!
Thee shall I love in endless day."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," was the death-song of the beloved Prince Albert.

Full many a pilgrim has been solaced by those words of Anne Steele,

"When I survey life's varied scene:"

or by those well known verses of Charlotte Elliott,

"My God, my Father while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done;"

or by those devout words of Mrs. Phœbe Brown occasioned by a neighbor's jest,—

"I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumb'ring care."

Let the church keep on singing! it is her right. Angels sang at the Christ's advent; and on his last night,—the night that made Gethsemane sacred, the Master and his disciples sang an hymn. Praise ye the Lord in his sanctuary!

As if to deepen such devotion the Psalmist calls in the assistance of all human inventions. Stand for one moment in thought as choir responds to choir and orchestra to orchestra at the bringing up of the ark and at the dedication of the Temple; and the service of modern music is seen to be no innovation. The human voice is not enough. When Hezekiah

was about to offer a burnt offering upon the altar, "the song of the Lord began with trumpets." It was when the voice of the trumpet had waxed louder and louder at the base of Sinai that God answered Moses. The seven angels of Patmos are represented as having each a trumpet; and in the great Day to come, the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout and with the trump of God. But let this suffice!

This sanctuary has up to this day been uncompleted. Its deep chancel made for the crowning finish is bare and empty no more. Its tones are of trumpets and flutes and strings and of notes to tremble like the human voice. The prince of instruments is ours for assistance in worship—an orchestra in itself. Standing in its sublime beauty and grandeur, it is given not to this church, but to Him whose praises we sing. The Psalmist's command in the text "praise him with organs," is here obeyed. The word "organs" is like our word "scriptures," meaning one whole. The primitive meaning of organ is "pipe." From such a meaning the name has grown until this vast combination of two thousand one hundred and ninety-four pipes, with all its stops, is one great organ.

The modern organ dates its history back to 1660 to Bernhard Schmidt. The key-board was not invented until the 14th Century; and the keys for more than a hundred years were so long and wide that they could be sounded only by striking them with the clenched hand; and not then until the hand was stoutly protected by leather to prevent pain caused by the strokes. From such a plain beginning it has grown under human invention to its present perfection. The expense of building the organ for the Ely Cathedral in 1407 was but £3. 16s. 8d. which measured by this princely gift shall teach its lesson by contrast.

Plutarch in his Life of Sulla narrates how on one day of surpassing clearness and splendor there was given, as though

by a power unseen, the shrill blast of a trumpet, followed by the astonishment and fright of all who heard it. "The Tuscan sages said it portended a new race of men, and a renovation of the world." Very truly has such a change occurred since Schmidt first struck the organ's keys in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. This instrument has given undying fame to Sebastian Bach who crystallized into music the themes of the Protestant Reformation and made that music felt. It links its harmonics with noble names. Gluck and Handel and Beethoven and Mozart,—such are names who by the organ's notes have lifted men's thoughts above the earthly. Dante, in his immortal work, thought he heard from out the Elysian fields the music of the sublime *Te Deum* borne aloft by the organ's sacred breath. It stands the perfection of human invention, and the symbol of a higher worship than ours can be.

We have already observed that praise is based upon gratitude. What then are the lessons of this hour? Nine short years have winged their flight since a little company first called into existence this church of Christ. That little company has become a thousand. Steadily and solidly the membership of believers has grown, until now more than five hundred names are here enrolled. They met in faith; and ran a risk that faith has mastered. Without a sanctuary, they planned this edifice, and planned it well; but, like a cloud dark and portentous, there rested upon it the burden of an enormous debt, making its consecrated name, which belied its deeds, a by-word and reproach. But the faith was growing clearer, and the courage was to come with the faith, in due time;—and the time came! For that time God led hither willing hearts and hands. They took their seats in the congregation, and waited. The hard times were passing by. Business again prospered;—*the time* was not far off. At last,

with scarce an unoccupied sitting in this edifice, and with the hum of thriving business still ringing in the ear, *the time came!* With a heroism worthy your name the great mass of the people had a mind to work, and the work has been done. Already in less than three and a half years you have paid out in actual cash, in addition to current expenses, more than seventy-seven thousand dollars ; and the security for the balance is assured, and during the present month will be largely paid in.

This has been a true revival of God's work,—none truer. No common object could have called out such willing gifts; it has been the Master's work, done by generous givers.

Fitting therefore is it that we offer our praises with the organ,—itself a gift; and to be a perpetual reminder of this glad day. Stolid the heart that would not be moved. We bring this sanctuary, and with the joy of loving hearts lay it, the best offering of our hands, at the Master's feet. We bring this organ in all its richness;—grateful are we for its harmonies and for the better worship it shall give us power to offer,—but back of its burnished beauty are voices even sweeter than we can hear,—voices deeper and purer than can come from its most faultless notes calling out the responses of our souls, voices of those whose loving hearts have prompted the gift and from whose generous hands this gift has come;—*we bring this organ* with all its sacred associations fresh from the hands that have given it, and lay it with all its worth at the Master's feet. We bring ourselves—shall we say without an exception?—and ask to be made worthy of *his* service whose name we bear.

Praise ye the Lord! Praise God in the Sanctuary! Praise him with the organ! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!

EVENING DISCOURSE.

“OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO THE GREAT MASTERS OF MUSIC.”

CHRISTIANITY has left among its trophies three special proofs of its sentiment and power.

The first of these, the Church-Bell, is said to have been invented about 400 A. D. by Paulinus a bishop of Nola in Campania. With an instinctive sentiment the Christian world has adopted the invention as its own. The sound of its peals makes music over every river and plain. It hastens to his prayers the dweller among the Russian snows; and rouses from his dreamy lethargy the inhabitant under southern skies. Its echoes have rung among the Alps, struck by the pious monks from their lonely convent. Sailors coasting every sea have heard the music caught by the well filled sails.

Though the history of St. Bartholomew dates from the bells of St. Germain, yet to Christianity is due their origin. For fourteen hundred years they have tolled the knell of the dying and the dead; for fourteen hundred years they have rung out the peals of national victories, and tolled over national defeats. Forty-two generations have come and gone, but they still ring on,—voices of the religion of the christian.

The second type of Christianity is the Gothic Architecture. Before these pointed spires, Roman and Grecian models halted. As if by one common inspiration costly cathedrals sprang

up "petrified music," in the countless tracks of the crusades. We enter upon no epitome of the human history unconsciously vamped upon the Canterbury Cathedral or that of Milan. Monuments these, and thousands patterned after them, of a religion born with the Christ, shaping to itself the granite and the marble of the twelfth century.

The third trophy and type of Christianity is the Organ, representing in its magnitude and unity the highest and deepest phases of human thought.

The so-called organ of the Greeks was simply a musical pipe; that of the Romans in its highest perfection only a sort of bagpipe. The use of instrumental music in Christian worship is largely due to Ambrose, who introduced it in the Cathedral of Milan. Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, the king of the Franks, first brought such an instrument into France, A. D. 757. But whatever the instrument as to fashion, few pipes or many, key-board or none, its growth has been inside the christian church, until the history covering both demands that the church shall have the Organ as a help to its worship.

I know Cromwell and the Puritans removed every instrument from their houses of worship, and that in our own land little by little a rigid Puritan taste has yielded to the custom from which an excessive ritualism had thrown them; but this, like their determination to permit no stove for the church even in the coldest winter's day was only a matter of taste and choice. Undoubtedly while they sang with chattering teeth their voices became tremulous if not artistic.

It is also a curious fact that the branch of the Presbyterian church which a few years since attempted to discipline one of its most honored members for singing other music than the

metrical version of the Psalms has during the past week voted by a large majority to have instrumental music in the House of God.

Allowing to Christianity these three creations, the Church Bell, Gothic Architecture and the Organ, we turn to the influence of the church upon music, as such, only to discover that here again is its source.

The legends of Greece depict the power of Orpheus charming Hades ; they tell us of Arion sweeping the boisterous waves into silence with his flute and charming the sporting fishes who carried him on their backs to Tænarus, the place of safety ; they tell us of Amphion fortifying Thebes, whose harp gave every ponderous stone a life making it assume its place without the help of men, in the massive wall ; yet, after all, our great authorities declare that the Grecians knew not so much of music as did the child Mozart when three years of age. Theirs was a kind of sing-song chant.

Modern music dates back to that rare man Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the fourth century. The rendering of chants in an orderly and systematic style, is due to him. The hymns of Luther in the great reformation were largely based upon those of Milan. But if Ambrose was thus a forerunner, it remained for Gregory in the seventh century to regulate the music of christendom. His Gregorian chant whose sublime grandeur the centuries cannot obscure is still sung. It is a fact of interest that when this celebrated chant was introduced into the British churches, the opposition to it resulted in bloodshed and the loss of many lives.

The practice of combining several distinct notes in a single strain, which is the basis of modern harmonies, first appeared in the services of the church. The *Oratorio* was originated

in Rome A. D. 1540. Twenty years later under the labors of Palestrina, a chaplain of the Vatican, the whole system of church music was reformed. In addition to such facts, it is noticeable that with the beginning of the Reformation and the decadence of the Papal church the sceptre of music passed from Rome into free Germany. Thus is it evident that to the church of Christ is largely due the power of music.

In his History of Rationalism, Lecky declares that the *Opera* "was introduced at the desire of Cardinal Mazarin; and it is remarkable that Penin, who wrote the first French Operas, was a priest of Rome; that Cambert who assisted him in composing the music was a church organist, and that nearly all the first actors had been choristers in the Cathedrals."

Let those laugh at the church who will; but from the highest learning to the highest art, both of painting and music, both as to artists and themes, the world has been compelled to sit at her feet. Music, such as Plato excluded from his ideal Republic, and which long centuries afterwards John Milton defended, is the child of the Christian church.

In the parable of the Prodigal son after the depiction of his return, the elder brother is described as he came in from the field and heard the music and the dancing. That Greek word, translated music, is *συμφωνία*, our word *symphony*; and to many a weary prodigal since the symphony of Heaven has been the sign of his rest.

Music deals largely with the emotions; and only unemotional natures fail to appreciate it. You have heard it said that the extent of Dr. Johnson's knowledge rested in the fact of his knowing a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a

guitar ; and that of all *noises* he considered music the least disagreeable ; but Johnson seems a minority of one.

Gibbon has declared music to be "more forcible than eloquence of reason and honor." "Who is there," asks Carlyle, despite his cynicism and arrogance, "who is there that in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!"

Transcendentalism, cold in its isolation, knew no limits in its enthusiasm before the rendering of Beethoven's matchless symphony in C minor.

Charles IXth. of France, who — with his crowned head out of the window and looking upon the slaughter he had made — exclaimed, "kill them all, that not a single Huguenot may live to reproach me with their death," when sinking into a remorse bordering on hell, before his horrible death, could only be solaced Saul-like by the minstrelsy of his palace.

One may be unable to speak the Hebrew or to read Sanscrit ; Greek and Latin may remain Greek and Latin still to him ; German and French may be only jargon in his ears ; but music has its own universal sway ; and Hebrew and Greek, German and Frenchman, sitting side by side unable to converse together, with separate and equal facility can hear and interpret the language of song.

There are three underlying factors in the highest and truest music which call for our notice.

Firstly : *Sympathy with Nature*. The man who can put upon canvas the best copy of a storm in its fury, a mountain in its sublimity, a sunset in its splendor is the best painter. He who can imitate best for the ear the moanings and wail-

ings of the wind, the shrieks of the tempest ; who can sweep from the key-board rattling hail ; who can make you hear the tramp of an army over the snow, halting and marching at the bugle's blast ; who can make the birds sing in the branches, though no bird is there ; who can picture Chaos in its atoms, only to mold them into a beautiful creation ; who can best guess at the music once sung over Bethlehem, and fling as it were from Heaven, Heaven's music upon the hearing of men ; he only is a great artist, whom the world will not let die.

It was the habit of Mendelssohn to pass whole weeks among the mountains of the north, under the cold, clear skies ; and it was in such a school, with God for a teacher, he learned how to depict the sweeping storm upon Carmel ; and then with almost matchless power to hide the desponding prophet under the solitary tree listening to a voice with which nothing earthly could interfere ; and finally, to clothe as with fire the wheelless whirlwind, the ascending chariot of the sky, bearing aloft Elijah from the gaze of men.

They tell us of Beethoven how in the darkest storms he loved to stand with uncovered head, over whom the tempests breathed an inspiration which we now read in the works of his genius. Unlike Elijah, to Beethoven God was in the tempests and the lightnings of the sky—his divine teacher ! When some one complimented this storm-loving artist upon his work, he replied, "What is all this compared to the grandest of all masters of harmony above, above !"

Secondly : *Sympathy with the Sufferings and Triumphs of Men* must embody the highest music. Among no other class as a rule have there been deeper sufferings than with the composers of our standard music. Real life with Beethoven was sadder than romance has ever depicted. Imagine him

standing in the midst of his orchestra deaf to his own inspiring strains ! Hear him exclaim "What humiliation, when some one standing by me hears a distant flute, and I hear nothing ; or listens to the song of the herdsman, and I hear no sound. Such incidents have brought me to the verge of despair—a little more and I had put an end to my life. One thing only,—art—this restrained me. I could not leave the world until that was accomplished which I felt was demanded of me." Add to all this the tortures inflicted upon his soul by his graceless nephew ; and the persecutions aimed at him by a heartless world. Just as saddened hearts speak sadly even so in all his works are echoed the sorrows of his soul. Think of him stung to the heart by the sneers of envy though on his bed of death. Few words carry with them such weight as was crowded into a single question to his friend Hummel "Is it not true that I have some talent after all ?"

Think of Sebastian Bach composing in his blindness "When my last hour is close at hand," and we catch the key unlocking such undying arias as his "For love my Saviour suffered," and "Jesus thou who knowest death," and "In tears of grief."

Tire ye not of Handel's "Dead march in Saul," for it shall never die. So long as the story of the holy birth shall be read, shall Handel's Pastoral Symphony be rehearsed. Link his name with his "Messiah," his "Israel in Egypt," "Samson" and "Judas Maccabæus" the perfection of Oratorios, in whose exquisite finish he stands alone ! then turn to the great master grown blind ! See him, an old man, at the organ in the oratorio of Samson ! They tell us when "Beard, the singer, came to the pathetic air of the sightless hero, 'Total Eclipse,'

the grand old master at the organ was seen to grow pale and tremble ; until moved to tears at the sight, the vast audience called the blind Samson of oratorio away from the organ that looking upon his sightless eyes, heavenward bent, they could tell him of their love."

Call up the memories interwoven with the music of Mozart, and then think of him ! Say not his life was a failure even if he died at thirty-six, — a death hastened on by his careless life. Poverty and sorrow had kept him company all the way, and his burial seemed almost in accord with his life. See the funeral procession of only five mourners starting out in the December sleet ; and one by one of the five compelled by the tempest to seek their shelter until only the driver was left. In the coffin of a pauper the driver took him to a pauper's grave, in whose lowest chambers two others had been thrown that day, and upon their unpainted coffins his, the third pauper's coffin, was thrown and covered up, and no one knows the place of his resting.

Men like these have made the orchestra and the organ the living reminders of their own sad lives ; and as if to call the sufferers of human kind to their side, their richest works have woven into undying music the name of the world's Great Sufferer. Match if you can the Passion music of Bach ! or the "Messiah" of Handel ! The thoughts wrung out of suffering and depicting suffering are nearest immortal.

Thirdly : The purest music is largely dependent upon the personal *Character of the Composers*. Mendelssohn has well said "It would indeed be marvellous if any music could exist when there is no solid principle." His thought we carry further and assert that without such a principle in himself no man could give expression to it, unless he copied it from another.

"Nothing can be more sublime," said Beethoven, "than to draw nearer to the Godhead than other men and to diffuse here on earth those God-like rays among mortals." "True happiness" said this master in dying, "is nothing but the consciousness, that in your life-work you have responded to the demands of the Eternal One."

Listen, ye who have been touched by his symphonies as the dying man speaks, "I close my eyes with the blessed consciousness that I have left one shining track upon the earth."

Remember that Haydn never wrote except as he prefaced the sentence, "In Nomine Domini,"—In the Name of God; or that other, "Soli Deo Gloria,"—glory to God alone. Of his "Creation" he writes, "I fell on my knees daily, and prayed earnestly to God that He would grant me strength to carry out the work and to praise him worthily."

You recall the performance of this Oratorio in Vienna A. D. 1808. In the wonderful passage "And there was light" the vast audience burst into tumultuous applause ascribing praise to him. "No, no, not from me," said the old man, "from thence, from Heaven above, comes all;" and then with tearful eyes, with hands outstretched to bless the orchestra, he was borne from the scene—his farewell to the world. Of his work upon the Messiah, Handel said, "I did think I did see all Heaven before me and the Great God himself."

The piety of the peerless Sebastian Bach needs no demonstration. The same fact is as true of music as of all else, its power is gained by *sympathy with nature, with men and with God.*

In our thoughts to-day it has been especially clear, that the spirit of praise if worthy of life is fit for the dying hour.

Before us in the bright world unseen the multitudes are rendering "The song of Moses and of the Lamb." Shall we leave off singing as we grow old? Shall the greater nearness to our death give greater dumbness to our lips? Nay rather, if there we shall begin to sing, why shall we ever stop here?

It was fitting that Mozart, dying, should sing the alto of his own requiem until having reached the *Lacrymosa*, he fell into the delirium of death.

It seemed in place that Mendelssohn should be first touched by the cold hand of death, while rendering on the pianoforte, his celebrated "Night-song."

Three times over on the 26th of May, 1809, amid the roar of French cannon outside, Haydn played and sang the National hymn, "God save the Emperor;" but, "it was the song of the swan; for sitting at his pianoforte the great composer sank into the stupor of death."

It was natural, that in his farewell to all else the dying Chopin should bid his attendants bring the piano to his bedside, that his fingers should once more do his will; but in the action his icy hands struck the notes of an unfinished melody.

At the command of Frederick the Great, a favorite German hymn was sung. When they came to the words "Naked I came into the world and naked shall I go out;" "*no*" said the dying king, "not quite naked—I shall have my uniform on."

Bunyan in his *Pilgrim* makes "Much-afraid" the daughter of Mr. Despondency, go through the river singing. Let the voice of singing never grow faint.

We have called music a universal language. No sect can keep to itself its own hymns. Augustus Toplady wrote Cal-

vinistic hymns and the Wesleyans sang them. Congregations who would not allow the Wesleys in their pulpits could not refrain from singing the Arminian hymns. All christendom sings the hymn of Bernard, the monk of Cluny, "Jerusalem the Golden;" each verse breathing the spirit of the Christ—

"I know not, oh, I know not
What joys of home are there,
What bright unfolding glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

"O sacred peaceful harp notes,
O never ending hymn,
O hallowed sweet refreshment
And peace of Seraphim.

"Jerusalem triumphant,
On that safe happy shore
I hope, I long, I sing thee,
And love thee more and more."

The golden words have burst beyond the skies of his sequestered valley; and happy he in every age who can make them his own.

"I *have* the inward earnest,
The hope to cheer and bless,
Shall I ever gain the land itself?
Tell me, O tell me yes!

"Rejoice O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thine own!
And thou art his forever!
His now and his alone!"

No *time* can keep from the future its treasures. We sing the words and listen to the music of the long-ago. They

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are good enough for the living and are often sung by the dying ; who knows but in a memory which cannot die some snatches of these hymns and songs shall be trilled in the upper Jerusalem ! Who knows, if some of these strains of the great christian masters have been inspired, but we shall find their counterpart by and by ? At least we may rejoice with thanksgiving, knowing that the one great name in Heaven is the one great name on earth ; and let all the earth in melody and song worship Him !

MEARS, David Otis.
The jubilee Sabbath of
Piedmont Church.

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